



A MUCH ADMIR'D SONG CAL'D
BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

It's a fearless highman a story I will tell
His usfae was Willy Brennan in Ireland he did dwell
All on these lofty mountains he commenced his wild career
Many was the wealthy gentlman before him shook with fear

A brace of loaded pistols he caried night & day
He neiter rob'd a pour man upon the kins highway
Bht what he'd taken from the rich like Terpin & black Bess]
He always did devide it with the widows & distress'd

One nighr he rob'd a packman his name was pedlar Bawa
They travell'd on together till the day began to dawn
When the pedlar seen his money gone likewise his watch & chain
He once counted Brennan & rob'd him back again

When Brennan saw the pedlar was as good a man as he
He took him on the highway his companion for to be
The pedlar threw away his pack without more delay
And prov'd a loyal comrade until his dying pay

One day upon the highway as William he sat down
He met the Mare of Cashell 3 miles outside the town
The Mare he knew his features I think young man said he
That your name is William Brennan you must come alou with me

As Brennans wife had gone to town provision for to buy
When she saw her Willy taken she began to weep & cry
He says give me that tempenny as soon as Willy spoke
She handed him a blunderbus from underneath her cloak

All with this loaded blunderbus the truth I will unfold
He said the Mare to tremble & he rob'd him of his gold
One hundred pound was offerd for his apprehension there
But with his horse & saddle to the mountains he repaird

As Brennan he was outlaw'd upon the mountains high
Wherecavltury & lantry 'o take him they did try
He laughd at them with saern they at lenght to him did say
By a false hearted young man we are basely betray'd

In the county Tipperary in a place the call Claymore
Where Brennan & his comrade that day did suffersore
They lay among the firs that was thick upon the field
Nine wounds he did receive them before that he did yield

So they were taken prisoners in strong Irons were bound
And was conv'c'd to Clonmell Jail strong walr did them surround
They were tried & found guilty & the Judge made this reply
For rubbing on the Kings highway you are condemn'd to die,

Farewell unto my wife & to my children three
And my aged Father he may shed tears for me
And to my loveing Mother tore her gray locks & cried
I wish you Willy Brennan in your cradle you had died